Volume LXXV CHICAGO, APRIL 15, 1915 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Arbutus

"God is not just!" I dreamed in my despair.
I saw a flame-swept town, its beauties fair
Hurled earthward, standing desolate and bare.

With tearless, saddened eyes grown dim from yearning,
I saw old men and stricken women turning
To watch their homes, their hopes, their futures burning.

I woke and wandered forth. A jewel day
Of gladness soothed my soul and turned dismay
At far calamities to love of May.

I sat within a hollow tree, while showers
Of scented rain dimmed o'er the passing hours
And left me conscious of near fragrant flowers.

I saw dead leaves—brown, spotted, ugly things—
And rising from their death the flower that brings
Eternal promise of eternal springs.

Arbutus lives perennial, and the crust
Of measured years forms round its roots a dust
Prophetic of new life-times. God is just.

The Century —*Lorraine Roosevelt*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915. Number 7

WILD DUCKS.

I heard the wild ducks passing in the night,
From shadowy skies their call came dimly down,
And the soft magic of their yearning flight
Swept the dull spaces of the sleeping town.

Into my chamber came the breath of spring,
Pregnant with promise from awakening buds;
Into my heart came fancies, billowing
With the glad rhythm of sun-loosened floods.

I saw the wind-blown crocus on the hills,
With the fresh starring of anemones,
Heard the thin laughter that the brown brook trills
Under the shelter of low-stooping trees.

A car clanged distantly. Across the way
A drowsy watchman waked with sudden fright.
On the dim court a soft enchantment lay.
I heard the wild ducks passing in the night.

—*Rose Henderson.*

In the death of F. Hopkinson Smith the country has lost one of the most versatile of men, an expert engineer and a charming novelist. He could build a light-house and then tell the story of its building in a way to thrill the souls of boys and of philosophers. It is through such men that sectional differences are ameliorated and social differences are forgotten.

One of the etymologies of the books given to the word "Amazon," is the Greek word for breast with the negative prefix, literally "without breast." This springs from the legend that the women warriors in that fabled, woman-governed country amputated their right breast that they might more effectively wield the bow and speed the arrow on the battlefield. When the majority of the Chicago Woman's Club refused to commit themselves to the unqualified condemnation of war and glorified under certain conditions the coarser heroism of the battlefield, did they not de-breast themselves, offering themselves in a battle line of fighting Amazons?

The City Club of Chicago is a club to be proud of, to be emulated. It realizes to an exceptional degree its educational responsibilities. It believes in the power of ideas and is not afraid to deal in ideals. Just now it is offering to its members and their friends a series of important discussions on "The War and Its Issues." Professor Kirchwey, of Columbia University Law School, has been talking upon "America and the War." Professor W. I. Hull, of Swarthmore College, perhaps the best informed man on the technicalities of the peace movement in America, has discussed "Adequate Armaments." Among other specialists, George Macauley Trevelyan, of London, is to speak on "The Balkan Question." The series is to be closed with a notable symposium led by Dr. John Dewey on, "What is Human Progress?" Let other cities go and do likewise. Let all clubs of various names and pretensions rise to this high standard. The club platform should be something more than practice ground in elocution and essay writing to amateurs, though this may be valuable. They should be educators of the public mind, directors and leaders of the public spirit. Would you measure the intelligence and vitality of a "Club," scrutinize its programs. Is it for show, amusement or for public weal and progress?

The land-slide at the Chicago election is still the subject of surprise and inspires much guessing by the politicians. Whatever the final analysis may point to, several things are quite apparent, viz.: The attempt to make votes by an appeal to pro-German enthusiasm failed; the circulars printed in German and carrying the German colors, proved a boomerang; it revealed the fact that Sweitzer is only a German by brevet, an Irishman by birth, but reared in the home of his German step-father. The attempt to awaken opposition by an appeal to religious prejudices may have been successful. The anti-catholic cry, it is to be feared, was more successful. One who claims to know, declares that only about 25 per cent of the Chicago voters are Catholics anyhow. Whatever menace of Catholic domination in Chicago politics may be, and we consider it very slight, the evils that will follow an anti-catholic crusade are much more serious. Let us have none of the Jew, the Catholic or the Methodist in politics that we may be freer to weigh the men, and women too, on their merits. Another disappointing disclosure follows the Chicago election. The women have not shown themselves much different from the men at election. They marched, they shouted, made inflammable speeches, hissed and sang in the political arenas very much as the men did, and then they voted man fashion and left the battle between independence and partisanship, Purity and Corruption, Lorimerism on the one hand and Sullivanism on the other, very much as it would have been had they not voted.

And now there is trouble about a lost letter of the irrepressible Roosevelt. He is said to have freed his mind in four closely typewritten pages in regard to the Woman's Peace Party. Miss Addams, acting in

the line of her duty as president of this organization, thought she was custodian of the letter and concluded it had better not be given to the public, more perhaps for the sake of Mr. Roosevelt's good name than in the interest of the peace cause. But, on examination, according to the *Chicago Tribune,* the letter has "disappeared from the files." Of course it would be lurid reading. The "Colonel" is never more happy than when in war paint, or at least when he wears the flaring sombrero of the rough-rider. Many years ago, when all the "big powers," our own included, were busy in getting ready for a war which they said would never happen if we only got good and ready, UNITY ventured the opinion that the two most pestiferous personalities in the public eye at that time were the militant Kaiser of Germany and the militant ex-President of the United States, and we believe the sequel has justified the statement. The United States's peacock naval parade, which has been well called a "gastronomic naval expedition around the world," did much to debauch cabinets, inflame the imaginations of youths on false lines and pervert the judgment of those who were guardians of the destiny of kingdoms and republics. We suspect that the suppressed letter printed without note or comment and widely circulated by the Carnegie Peace Foundation, would prove an effective Peace document.

Frightened by the prospect of a sane and more ethical constituency in the Chicago Council as a result of the last election, the expiring, old Council hurried through an iniquitous ordinance making all special permits granted for the selling of liquor to dance halls and other special gatherings good until three o'clock in the morning, while another ordinance compels the saloons, who pay $1,000 a year and, who are prohibited from selling to minors at any time, to close at one o'clock in the morning. The business injustice in this action is obvious, and the ethical iniquity ought to be as obvious. Why should alcoholic drinks be sold at any time at dance halls, where the majority of the patrons are unsophisticated boys and girls, probably the majority of them under twenty-one years of age? But the goulishness of this ordinance can be realized only by those who have studied the psychology of licentious lives. It is in the wee, small hours of the night that the safe-guards of modesty, prudence and self-respect break down as the accumulating fires of passion and the recklessness of youth swings forth into wild adventure. One hour after midnight is fraught with more dangers and witnesses more crime against property and person than the six hours before midnight. It is when decent folks are abed and the danger of detection and arrest are reduced to a minimum, that hitherto temperate young men and women venture the one more glass and swing off into the wild dance which in the early hours of the evening was shunned. Shame on the brazen alderman! There is reason to believe, with Alderman Merriam, that this defiance of decency will hasten the time when all liquor selling in dance halls will become illicit. Chicago must eventually succumb to the growing sanity of municipalities, the widening territory of the "Dry."

During a recent visit to California, the writer was privileged to listen to a charming paper read by that charming literary critic, Charles J. Woodberry, on "California in Literature," and the interesting discussion by the Berkeley Club following. One felt at the close of the meeting as though even Massachusetts must look well to her laurels, so long, so varied, so masterful was the list. Although it is a fact that most of these writers were born out of California and that they found their fame away from California, the fact still remains that it was Californian life, scenery and conditions that quickened their imagination and developed their genius. Brete Harte, Mark Twain, E. R. Sill, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, John Muir, Prof. LaConte, David Starr Jordan, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, seem to head the long and fascinating list. The similarity of climate, scenery and conditions between California and "sunny Greece in her palmiest days" was much dwelt upon and there was great discussion as to who first discovered the similarity. Be that as it may, there seems to be a "conspiracy of silence" on the part of the enthusiastic Californians as to the possibilities of the analogy being carried out to its gruesome end. The sunshine, the laughing brooks and snow-capped mountains did not save Greece from degeneracy. It collapsed largely from internal causes. Indolence, pride, economic injustice brought low her mental acuteness, high poesy, and profound philosophy; because they rested on a despised labor class to whom was denied social recognition and democratic rights. Let California see to it! Meanwhile, it is a source of congratulation not only to Californians but to all lovers of good literature, that Edwin Markham, who clearly is her non-resident poet laureate, has written a new book on "California the Wonderful," which may prove the largest, the most permanent and far-reaching "exhibit" of the Panama Exposition. This will carry California to the readers even though it fails to bring the readers to California.

UNITY bids "good speed" to the delegation of women now on the high seas on their way to The Hague. Never did a band of women rally to a more sacred cause. Never was a tribunal body burdened with more strenuous and deeper responsibilities. Never

unity-devoted-to-practical-christianity_1915-04-22_75_8

were women confronted with a more serious task, and never did they more need the brotherly counsel of men who, like-minded with themselves, would enforce their message and share their labors. A voluntary, unofficial meeting of women at The Hague in the interest of peace cannot fail but to do good if they but cry into the wireless air the command, "Cease Firing!" "Oh! Powder-burned Rulers of the world, ground your arms!" The message will be picked up by the sensitive instruments of the spirit as it flies through the air. But we sincerely regret that this most significant movement did not gather into itself men and women, if there be any variations in the make-up of the sexes, any difference in their voices. The cause needs all the wisdom humanity can muster, all the notes that the human choir can sound. Probably the urgency of the situation, the gravitation of the like-minded will carry a few men into these councils. We are glad to know that the Chicago delegation is hospitably taking at least three men along, who may become useful accessories in the struggle. They include one of the sons of the lamented and beloved Henry D. Lloyd, Mr. H. J. Smith, news editor of the *Chicago News,* and the ever-ready, servicable, efficient L. P. Lochner, secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, who is equally competent to handle baggage, draw up resolutions, or make a speech. The delegation includes Mrs. Julius Loeb, the authorized representative of the Tuesday class in religion, so long a part of the activities of Abraham Lincoln Centre; Miss Florence Holbrook, the efficient peace demonstrator in the public school service and, of course, the indispensible and ever-present in all high causes, Jane Addams. To ascribe her to Chicago is to do violence to spiritual geography. She belongs to the United States. The world waits with breathless anxiety the outcome of this expedition of women to The Hague.

Chicago is still pre-eminent in the packing business. Its stock yards are still the admiration and the horror, as the case may be, of visiting throngs. But, Chicago has more than pig-sticking and steer-killing to show its visitors. Prof. Nathaniel Butler, of the Department of Education of the University of Chicago, has prepared a condensed exhibit of the educational advantages of Chicago. Indeed, with characteristic Chicago confidence, he pronounces it the "pre-eminent city of educational opportunities." Though fourth or fifth in the list of metropolitan centers in the world, he places it at the very head of the list in "many respects" in its attractiveness to the student. As a matter of fact, it has became a resort of many thousands of students, but chiefly during the summer months, the vacation time to most institutions and "seasons." The Art Institute, the Public Library, with its thirty branches and half-million bound volumes, the Newberry Library, with its 400,000 books, rich in its Americana and musical literature, the John Crerar Library, with 3,000 volumes, specializing in science and the technical arts, the Field Museum, as it is going to be in its new home in Grant Park, are all listed as permanent attractions, and then the University, with its curriculum and faculty greatly augmented during its summer quarter, make the vacation months as they ought to be, the most active as well as the most opportune season for intellectual improvement. It is the time when one can study or read on lines which the bread-winning activities and professional pre-occupations prohibit during the other months. The summer attendance at the University last summer reached 3,974 students, many of them men and women of mature age; college professors and public school teachers, preachers and others, were here to pursue advanced studies. During the remaining part of the year most of these students are themselves busy imparting to others the informations and inspirations which they receive in Chicago. Back of all these briefs lies the alluring fact that the Chicago that is formidable in March is the balmy, radiant Chicago in mid-summer, wrapped in lake breezes and wreathed in its fragrant parks and charming play-grounds.

The University of Illinois is setting a pace for other institutions that may well be copied. Educational institutions, state universities included, cannot much longer hold public confidence by maintaining a conspiracy of silence concerning the profounder elements in human history, the dynamic forces in life that are concretely embodied in the various religious systems and movements of the world. A non-sectarian attitude is commendable, a wise pacific attitude on non-militant grounds, but a pan-sectarian attitude is much more commendable, one that seeks to give all creeds, sects, systems and races academic exposition, an interpretation from the inside. Great elective courses might be offered in every institution of learning. Interpretative lectures given by accredited spokesmen of any and of all the great religious movements of the world. How greedily would the wise students in any university select a course wherein Brahminism, Confucianism, Buddhism, as well as Judaism and Christianity, would be interpreted by those who have the right to speak. Perhaps still more welcome would a course permitting the various sects and sections of Christianity to be interpreted from the inside by their master minds, who would respect the courtesies of the situation and devote themselves to constructive interpretation of their own movements rather than any destructive assault upon others. The following circular we believe to be in the right direction, and we hope other institutions will dare trust the potency of religious

men and movements and proceed to discover and expound the same.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
President's Office

Urbana, Champaign, Ill., March 15, 1915

To Members of the Faculty and Administrative Staff:—

I am glad to call your attention to the following course of lectures on Religious Fundamentals, intended primarily for members of the University, that is offered on Monday evenings in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium at 9:30 p. m., by the Urbana-Champaign School of Religion, representing a co-operative effort of the local churches to meet religious difficulties, especially of students.

March 15th. Prof. W. M. Forrest, of the University of Virginia, speaking under the Bondurant Foundation on *What is Faith?*

March 22nd. Father Peter J. O'Callaghan, head of the Paulist Fathers of Chicago, *Revelation and Relation of God to Man.*

April 5th. Dean Lewis Beals Fisher, of the Ryder Universalist Divinity School, University of Chicago, *Conceptions of the Reality of Heaven and Hell.*

April 12th. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preacher, Editor, Lecturer, *Universality of Religious Experience.*

April 19th. Rev. Chas. W. Gilkey, Pastor of the Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago, chautauqua lecturer and preacher to students, *What is Prayer?*

April 26th. Rabbi Leon Harrison, of Temple Israel, St. Louis, *The Messiah of the Jews.*

Faithfully yours,
EDMUND J. JAMES.

Editorial Wanderings

VI.

It is a far cry from the community of Theosophists at Point Loma, California, to the Mormon community of Utah. Theologically, sociologically and economically they seem to stand at the opposite poles of philosophy and practice, and still a close study finds certain striking points of identity. Both represent a high degree of communal efficiency; both represent unquestioned sincerity of conviction and the potency of co-operation. Whatever errors of thought or practice may lurk within these organizations, and, of course, they carry the human percentage of weakness and fallability, they cannot be removed by persecution, denunciation or indiscriminating legislation.

At near range, Point Loma assumes the proportions of a successful educational institution with a high degree of refinement with apparently abundant material and resources. Taking advantage of the marvelous situation and hospitable climate, this academic campus has achieved great beauty, an atmosphere of serenity as well as sincerity. Whatever else may be wanting Point Loma community testifies to the splendid executive ability of Madame Tingley. It shows what can be accomplished on pedagogical lines on the minds of young and old, touching, as it does, with a sense of directed freedom the spontaneity which is encouraged by a freedom from conventionalities and the tyrannies of tradition. The work at Point Loma, back of all its metaphysics and philosophic systems, rests on a great faith in the possibilities of human nature, the sanctity of the individual soul and the universal brotherhood of man. These conclusions are reached by what seems to us an unnecessary, round-about and far-away appeal to oriental philosophers and ancient seers. The conclusions, however, are none the less modern and potent. We know little of the internal transactions of this theosophic camp, but we are persuaded that the distinterested workers at Point Loma, the unsalaried teachers, are doing their best to protect their movement from the vagaries of ghost hunting, spook seeking and the confusions that go therewith, which threaten both ancient and modern seekers after the intangible verities, uncorrected by the very tangible realities expressed in the world of matter, and the hard occidental respect for the same. The labors of truth-seeking humanity at Point Loma are to be reckoned with by the progressive teacher and those who believe that beauty and fraternity belong to the religious life.

The Mormon movement sprang from and now represents in the main the humble class of toilers, plain people, devoted to the tilling of the soil, the hewing of wood and the carrying of water, tasks that bring hard hands and sweaty brows. Whatever may be the theological vagaries and errors of Mormonism, it is more than that. It is a sociological phenomenon of great significance. It shows what can be done by co-operation and willing subordination of the individual to the major needs and life of the community. Mormonism is a great business concern and its representatives are alive to and a part of the "big interests" of the desert states. One cannot study these communities at short range without being persuaded that they are a thrifty people, industrious and touched with a degree of religious sincerity. Their thinking and their acting is curbed by the lines that sooner or later subscribe all belief in an external, infallible revelation. The system carries with it the dangers that belong to theocratic hierarchies and ecclesiastical schemes. Mormonism, perhaps, is the most effective orthodoxy outside of Roman Catholicism. Science, general education and the interchanges of the commercial, industrial and financial world, will relax the bonds of outward authority, disintegrate the superstitions and revise the creeds, but these work slowly and normally. There is no "Mormon Menace" any more than there is a "Catholic Menace," because the "little red school house" is doing its work at the corners of the cross roads and the printing press is denaturing whatever dogmatism may belong to them. Of polygamy there remains only the vanishing end of a primitive institution that has survived beyond its time by virtue of Biblical texts and the power of honest sincerity. In the public square at Salt Lake City, mounted on an

imposing shaft, stands the figure of a layman, and on a bronze tablet are the names of the one hundred men and two women who, with twenty oxen, reached that spot—in 1846, was it?—after the terrible journey across the plains, over alkaline deserts and through dangerous mountain passes. They came in search of freedom to build up an ideal community, a home for those who would be the children of the Lord and the guardians of his sanctity. They found that which they sought. Tested by the standards of business, Brigham Young was a great man, astute, efficient, achieving lasting evidence of his sincerity by the confidence of his followers, the co-operation of his constituents from his humblest toiler to his highest councilor. Nevada, an ambitious and prosperous state with but eighty thousand people, is finding that the Mormon communities that are taking possession of its most unpromising acres afford the ground for its hope that it has an agricultural future before it. Brigham Young cared little for mining. He discouraged his people from trusting to the uncertain and hidden sources of wealth in the rocks that they might the more surely develop the possibilities of the soil.

Time, science and the larger democracy will undoubtedly modify and eventually destroy the dogmatic, priestly elements in Mormonism. The theology and creed of this branch of Christendom must go in due time, but the eloquent story of Mormonism, its industrial triumphs, its simple-minded and single-minded people, its smiling farms, its growing herds of cattle and its blooming orchards will remain permanent achievements of civilization; a source of encouragement and of wealth to the nation that granted them a place in its confidences.

The present writer discovers in himself no disposition to join either the theosophic community at Point Loma or the industrial concerns of Mormonism, but we refuse to parade in any anti-Mormon or anti-theosophic movements because we find in both of these movements more to approve than to condemn. They are triumphs sprung out of the truths they see and have graced. Their errors and faults belong to the imperfect humanity, the undeveloped conditions of society that is ever on the road, groping, stumbling, falling, rising, but ever traveling towards beauty, plenty, peace. That a little group of souls have found all of these at Point Loma and that many humble souls have partly realized them in the desert places of Utah, is a source of encouragement to all the other pilgrims. Let those who fear these movements, who fain would correct their errors, first devote themselves to the task of understanding them, of recognizing the good and encouraging the excellent. Let those who would cast the mote out of the eyes of these, their fellows, first cast the beam out of their own eyes. "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone!"

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXX.

LAST DAYS.

The Diary:

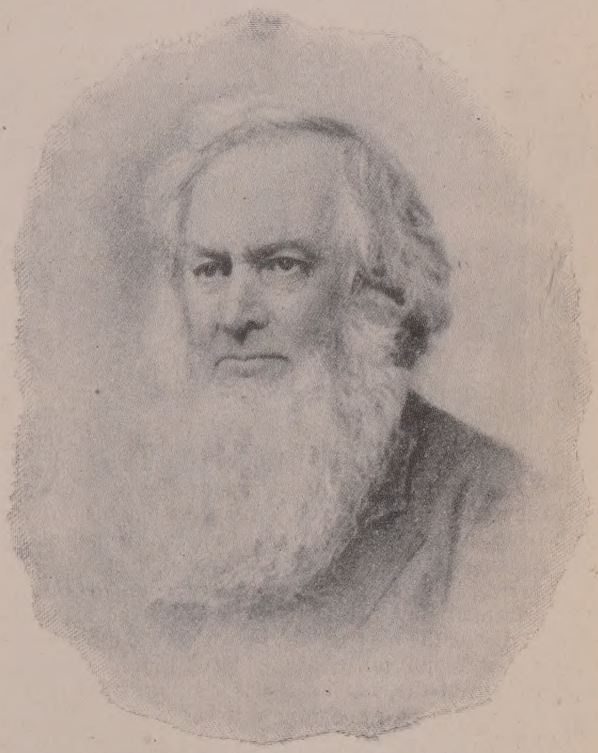
Sept. 28, 1874. I have a visit from Prof. Fiske, of Cornell University.

Nov. 6. President Brown, of Hamilton College, wife and daughter, come this evening. 7. They return home at 10 a. m.

Dec. 20. I am getting over my cold. I have been absent from Sunday School and Church two Sundays.

Dec. 21. My dear daughter leaves us for Geneva this a. m.

Gerrit Smith's Diary, begun as a young man, closed with the entry given above. Three days later, he, with his wife, left Peterboro for New York, to spend the

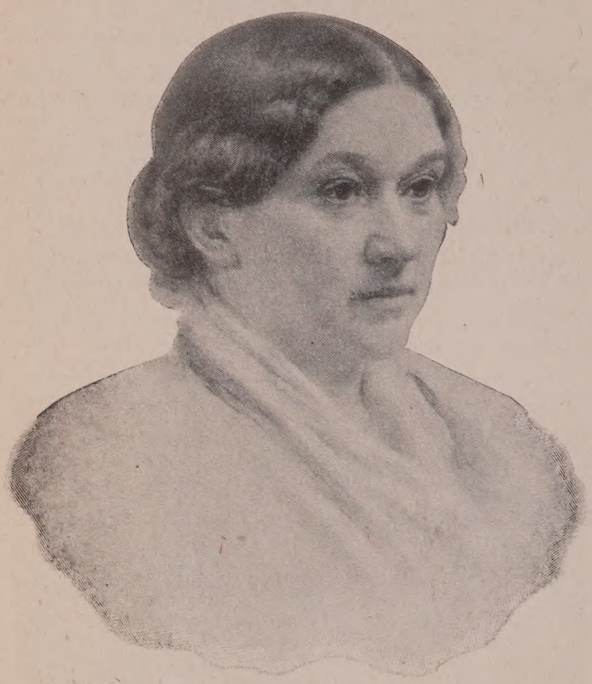


GERRIT SMITH IN HIS LATER YEARS

holidays with relatives and friends. They were guests, over Christmas, at the home of General John Cochran, 60 Clinton Place. It was a happy time, and Mr. Smith was in notably good spirits. The summons to depart into the undiscovered country came without premonition while he was dressing on the following morning. There was no suffering, though he lay from Saturday morning until the noon of Monday, before breathing ceased.

All the old causes had continued to interest Gerrit Smith until the last. Reference has been made to his intense concern for suffering Cuba. Temperance, Woman Suffrage, equality of rights for blacks and whites engaged him in the last months. Politically, his last actions had been turned to the support of the Republican party, in the state election of 1874. It was

in that year that Gen. Dix and Samuel J. Tilden were the opposing candidates. Mr. Smith, believing in Mr. Tilden's rectitude and ability, and honoring him for his great service in unearthing, to use his own words, "those stupendous and matchless frauds in the city of New York," vigorously sustained the candidacy of



ANNE FITZHUGH SMITH
From portrait by S. W. Rowse

the Republican nominee. Gen. Dix was an old friend, but it was not personal friendship that determined Mr. Smith's action. It was his dread of the political ascendancy of the Democratic party. As has been more than once said in these pages, Gerrit Smith had many friends among Democrats, and was always quick to acknowledge the fact that the party counted among its adherents many men of parts and of excellent character. But of the party itself, he was profoundly skeptical. The Republican party saddened him by its sorry lapses from virtue, but he cherished hopes for it, because of the great, good things it had done.

His very last acts of business were concerned with the comfort and happiness of others. Before retiring on the evening of Christmas Day, Mrs. Walter, his niece, had acted as his amanuensis in writing several letters. Three of these enclosed charitable gifts to as many applicants. A fourth, to the housekeeper in Peterboro, reminded her to see that certain people in the village should receive the customary baskets of Christmas fare, and also to send the usual gifts to the Orphan's Home.

The body lay in state, the day after the death, being visited by numbers of sincerely sorrowing friends, many of them from among the great ones of the city and nation, and others from among the humbler folk, especially the black-skinned folk. These realized that a friend to their race, most faithful, had left them; one who, from the time in his early life when the cause of the slave had won his heart, had never abated his interest in the negro, or ceased to plan and labor for his welfare. Men and women who had striven valiantly in many causes of reform and philanthropy, looked with sadness upon the stilled face, which in life had responded with such infinite charity and sympathy for every movement that promised good for the sons and daughters of men. And so the lengthening line of mourners came and passed, until the evening hour, when the coffin was closed and the journey home was begun.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

The funeral party with the precious charge, disembarked from the train at Canastota, in the gray of early morning, on the 30th. It was piercing cold, the mercury showing 30 degrees below zero. The ground was snow-covered and the ride of nine miles through the bitter weather, was in open sleighs. Arrived at the mansion, practically the whole population was waiting. Mrs. Stanton, describing the scene, writes:

> We did what we could to dissipate the gloom which settled upon us all. We did not intensify our grief by darkening the house and covering ourselves with black crape, but wore our accustomed dresses of chastened colors, and opened all the blinds that the glad sunshine might stream in.
>
> We hung the apartment where the casket stood with wreaths of evergreens, and overhead we wove his favorite mottoes in living letters: "Equal Rights for All!" "Rescue Cuba Now!" The religious exercises were short and simple. The Unitarian clergyman, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, from Syracuse, made a few remarks, the children from the Orphan Asylum, in which he was deeply interested (white children and black), sang an appropriate hymn, and around the grave stood representatives of the Biddles, the Dixwells, the Sedgwicks, the Barclays and Stantons; and three generations of the immediate family. With a few appropriate words from Gen. John Cochran, we left our beloved kinsman alone in his last resting-place.[1]

The bearers included three negroes: Noah Brister of Peterboro, and George Bland and William Kinney of Geneva. The others were: Gen. John Knox of Knoxboro, Charles B. Sedgwick of Syracuse, Henry A. Foster, D. C. Littlejohn and Hamilton Littlefield of Oswego; F. F. Petrie, Caleb Calkins, John Campbell, Jeremiah Bump of Peterboro; Dr. Milton B. Jarvis of Canastota, and Benjamin Chapman of Clockville.

The cemetery in Peterboro is a hill summit, commanding a wide view, varied and beautiful in the kindlier seasons of the year. A block of granite marks the grave of the great citizen, and another, by its side, that of his wife, who survived her husband so short a time.

The hurrying world paused to express its sorrow and pay its tributes of affectionate esteem for the character of a great private citizen. No note of criticism marred the chorus of appreciation from press, pulpit and platform. Recognition of the unsullied character and unselfish life-services of the departed was universal.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PERSONALITY AND FORCE AS AN ORATOR.

As a public speaker Gerrit Smith's place and rank are among those of the greatest orators this country has produced. His personal appearance was in the highest degree impressive; and if anything were lacking of that sublime grandeur which characterized Daniel Webster, and which led to the criticism that "it was impossible he was as great as he looked, for no man could be;" the lack was compensated by a benignity of expression which accorded perfectly with the

[1] Eighty years and more.

abounding and universal good-will of his nature. "Wendell Phillips once said to me," wrote Col. E. L. Taylor, of Columbus, Ohio; "'Gerrit Smith was the most eloquent advocate of the slave, the down-trodden and the poor they have ever had.'" As Mr. Phillips is regarded as an almost matchless orator himself, the tribute must carry unusual weight.

In a passage of considerable length in his Autobiography, Andrew Dickson White says of Mr. Smith:

Of all Tribunes of the people I have ever known, he dwells in my memory as possessing the greatest variety of gifts. He had the prestige given by great wealth, by lavish generosity, by transparent honesty, by earnestness of purpose, by advocacy of every good cause, by a superb presence and by natural eloquence of a very high order. He was very tall and large, with a noble head, an earnest yet kindly face, and of all human voices I have ever heard, his was the most remarkable for its richness, depth and strength. I remember seeing and hearing him once at a Republican State Convention in the City Hall of Syracuse, when, having come in for a few moments as a spectator, he was recognized by the crowd and greeted with overwhelming calls for a speech. He was standing at the entrance door, towering above all about him, and there was a general cry for him to come forward to the platform. He declined to go forward; but finally observed to those near him, in his quiet, natural way, with the utmost simplicity, "Oh, I shall be heard." At this a shout went up from the entire audience; for every human being in that great hall had heard these words perfectly, though uttered in his usual conversational voice.

Dr. White calls upon his memory for another illustration of the remarkably penetrative, musical and impressive qualities of Gerrit Smith's voice.

I also remember once entering the old Delevan House at Albany, with a college friend of mine, afterward Bishop of Maine, and seeing at the other end of the long hall, Gerrit Smith in quiet conversation. In a moment we heard his voice, and my friend was greatly impressed by it, declaring he had never imagined such an utterance possible. It was indeed, amazing; it was like the deep, clear, rich tones from the pedal bass of a cathedral organ. During his career in Congress, it was noted that he was the only speaker within remembrance who, without effort to himself, made himself heard in every part of the old Chamber of the House of Representatives, which was acoustically one of the worst halls that was ever devised. And it was not a voice and nothing else; his strength of argument, his gift of fit expression and his wealth of illustration were no less extraordinary.[1]

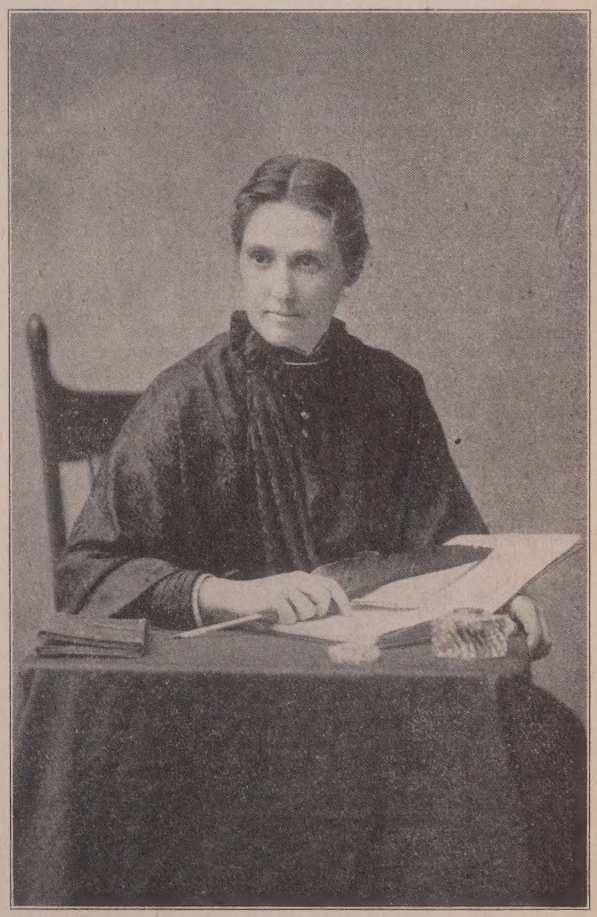
A writer in *The National Era,* of Washington, describing the scene in the House of Representatives, during one of Mr. Smith's speeches, says:

When Gerrit Smith arose to address the House in an impromptu manner, a few days ago, after Messrs. Smith of Alabama and Smith of Virginia had occupied the attention of that body, a member remarked very audibly, that "the Smith family appeared to have possession of the Hall!" In a few moments, however, that gentleman, as did almost every individual present, leant forward, profoundly attentive, to catch every word that should fall from the lips of the speaker. Along the aisles there were many who paused and stood still to listen. We looked around to observe the aspect of the House and could nowhere detect an instance of inattention. Whence was the charm? Our readers have perused the words of the speaker. They were beautifully simple and appropriate; but the occasion did not permit the utterance of vehement and impassioned language..... It has been said that it proceeded from the peculiar voice of Mr. Smith, which is described by a writer as "equal to that of Henry Clay." We were familiar with the tones of Mr. Clay's voice, and have often been enraptured with its effect, but in our opinion it was by no means so uniformly good as that of Mr. Smith. We have never heard a voice so pleasing, so impressive and so unaffected. The elder Vandenhoff, in the zenith of his powers—noble and stately tragedian that he was—possessed a voice, the musical richness and depth of which occur to us as we listen to Mr. Smith; but it was artistic: the practiced elocutionist could not fail to detect the agency of art in the formation of that voice. Mr. Smith, on the contrary, speaks without effort. The muscles of his throat are not strained, and no words are "mouthed," as Hamlet expresses it.

In the days of his childhood, the writer frequented on the Sabbath a large, old church, in which there was a majestic organ, and many a time was he the involuntary but delighted captive of the influence of that instrument, the tones of which were so deep and perfect, as their tremor rolled along the vaulted dome and woke an echo in each arch and angle in the edifice. The voice of Mr. Smith now, produces a similar influence upon him.

But it is not alone the voice. Not more distinct and impressive are its tones than is the inspiration produced by the appearance of the speaker. Fifty-odd years, probably, have passed over, without bending his tall and energetic form. His features are strongly marked with the impress of an active mind and an independent character. Upon them, especially when speaking, rests the pleasing and subduing influence of a benevolence, the genuineness of which, no beholder can for a moment doubt. This, if we may be permitted to judge, is the most effective point in his eloquence. His intellectual power, and the tones that thrill us, may indeed be resisted; but the attributes of the heart that are mirrored upon the features of the face, demand our respect and sympathy.

In proof of this truth, the noble and manly response of the Hon. Mr. Preston, of Kentucky, may be instanced; as



ANNE FITZHUGH MILLER

Earnest in every good word and work; gentle but firm advocate of full rights for her sex; a humanitarian in every fiber; all Gerrit Smith's zeal for making the world better reappeared in his grand-daughter.

also the effects of the brief speech to which we have already alluded, when, having given utterance to sentiments so diametrically opposed to those entertained by a vast majority of the people of the South and their representatives, Mr. Smith was approached by a member from Alabama, and by other gentlemen, who pressed towards him, and ardently

[1] Autobiography. Vol. I. 62 et seq.

clasped hands in acknowledgment of the impression his eloquence had made upon them.

Dr. James C. Jackson, founder of the famous Dansville sanitarium, "Our Home on the Hillside," in a long communication to the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle,* soon after Mr. Smith's death, said of the impression made upon him by Mr. Smith on first seeing and hearing him:

I first saw Mr. Smith in 1827. I then thought him to be the finest looking man I have ever seen. He was as handsome as Apollo, as commanding in mien as a Greek god. I have a very distinct recollection how his voice affected me while he was making a speech at the laying of a cornerstone of a Dutch Reformed church, about building in the village of Chittenango, where I was at school. I never heard a public speaker whose address affected me as his did.

Discussing Mr. Smith's rank among the reform orators, Dr. Jackson asserts in his communication:

It used to be said by all the anti-slavery debaters and lecturers that Mr. Smith was the best discussionist in their ranks. To say this was a great compliment; for no moral reform, nor religious awakening, nor political conflict in the United States—not excepting the Revolutionary struggle—ever produced so large a body of logical thinkers, of consummate reasoners, of eloquent pleaders, as the anti-slavery crusade. Mr. Smith assuredly did possess very great oratorical powers. His style, while ornate, was simple. His sentences were always constructed in a way to make what he said easily comprehended. He carried with him, therefore, great weight, for "the common people heard him gladly." They knew what he thought, for they understood what he said. In all the speeches which I have heard him make, I never knew him to utter thought so obscurely as to call forth inquiry as to his meaning; and I doubt very much, if in all his writings a sentence can be found which is fairly capable of double interpretation. His style was a compound of Addison's and Dr. Johnson's, though he strove for short words, and these of Anglo Saxon origin. Nevertheless, his early study of the ancient classics, and especially of the Latin—of which language he was a master—had an insensible effect in forming his order of speech. He was therefore allied by lingual sympathy to Cicero rather than to Demosthenes, as a model master of eloquence. His knowledge of the English tongue was profound, and in its grammar he was thoroughly proficient..... He was thoroughly free frm provincialisms. I never heard him use a slang phrase.....

Dr. Jackson, who declared that from 1835 to '47 he knew Gerrit Smith as few men did, having been for ten years of that time a resident at Peterboro, where he saw and heard him as an almost daily companion, goes on to speak of his powers as conversationist.

I have sat in stage-coach, or canal packet, on steamboat or in railway car, in private carriage or in private parlor, and listened to Gerrit Smith, till the hours paused as they passed, to catch the charm of voice and thought which came from his lips, like music far-away, softened and mellowed by distance.

In the really remarkable newspaper letter from which we are quoting, the writer gives a paragraph to Gerrit Smith's influence in the nation, in reviving the doctrine of the rights of man as man, which seemed in danger of perishing until the anti-slavery agitation got fairly on its feet. He says:

To no man of the Nineteenth century, living or dead, does the democratic idea, "that to be a man proves that one has all the rights of a man," owe so much for its defense and its advancement as to Mr. Smith. He dug it out of its grave. ..... He laid his hands upon its hands and his mouth on its mouth; and, like Israel's prophet on the body of the dead Shunamite boy, he breathed into it the breath of the living and true, and it came back to earth to cheer the faint-hearted, encourage the desponding, strengthen the weak, and become once more the rallying cry—the symbol of might and majesty among men.

"Heaven rest his soul," says Dr. Jackson, in concluding. "The everlasting gates, I doubt not, swung wide open the other day to give him abundant entrance to eternal joys."

Victor Kingsley, of Fayetteville, N. Y., who had known Mr. Smith intimately for the better part of a life-time, remarking upon his wonderful gifts as an orator, said that a passage from his lips in a debate with Judge Gridley and others, on Slavery, in Hamilton village, in 1838, was treasured in the memory and used for years, by a well-known elocutionist, Prof. Samuel N. Sweet, as "the grandest specimen of sublimity of thought and expression" that he had any knowledge of in literature. The same writer averred that if Gerrit Smith did no more than give out the notice of a meeting, the tones of his voice were so inexpressibly winning that everybody would be anxious to attend!

GERRIT SMITH AS AN ADVOCATE BEFORE A JURY.

It had been the intention of young Smith, when in college, to fit himself for the legal profession. Two of the most distinguished jurists of his native state were amongst his kindred; Chancellor Livingston, who was his mother's cousin, and Judge Daniel Cady, who was his uncle; and with his natural fondness for public speaking and his rare gifts as a logician, the law would seem to have been the natural field for his talents. His mother's sudden death and the consequent tourning over to him of his father's great estate, changed his plans, however, and made it necessary to devote his energies directly to the field of business.

The management of extensive landed properties demanded indeed, no small knowledge of law, and Mr. Smith as a real estate lawyer was the equal of any. But beyond this, his profound interest in Constitutional questions, as these related to the rights of the slave, and in international questions, as these referred to the welfare of peoples and the great problems of war and peace, led him to a study of the principles of Constitutional and International law, of both, of which he became an able exponent.

The arrest, in 1856, of a poor, friendless German named Zecker, for murder, in one of the rural towns of Madison County, so won upon his sympathies, that he qualified himself for the bar and was admitted to practice, in order that he might defend the man. Mr. Smith's conduct of the Zecker case served to indicate the success that would have attended his efforts in court before a jury had he been a practicing attorney. The evidence against the accused was circumstantial, but it was exceedingly strong. Not a link was missing. One of the ablest members of the Madison County bar, David J. Mitchell, was prosecuting attorney, and he had directed the case for the State in a masterly manner. Belief in Zecker's guilt was practically universal. But Gerrit Smith felt assured of his innocence. The man had related to him his story, and with such apparent artlessness, that he placed absolute credence in it. The case therefore presented just the elements calculated to draw out his pleading powers to their very limit. An innocent man was being tried for his life in a community that had prejudged his case! Mr. Smith threw his whole soul into the advocacy of Zecker's cause. On the first trial there was a disagreement. A new trial was granted. Mr. Kennedy, the prosecuting attorney, describing Mr. Smith's plea in behalf of the prisoner, declared:

It was something awful. He seemed to swell to gigantic proportions. I thought at times that he was fifteen feet high! I turned to my associate, Goodwin, and said: "Goodwin, this is terrific! What shall I do?" Indeed, after he had closed,

it was several minutes before I had recovered my self-possession from the effects of his oratory, so as to be able in my turn, to address the jury.

The jury acquitted the prisoner.

The arguments in the Zecker trial (the case had awakened wide interest) were printed. The writer of these pages has read them. And he has no hesitancy in saying that the prosecuting attorney had the best of the argument, in every point. The evidence was all in his favor, as has been said, and against the prisoner. Nevertheless, Gerrit Smith carried the jury with him and saved the accused man. What a career, as a jury lawyer, such an advocate would have had!

The Hon. Henry Barclay, a noted member of the Madison County bar, said in an address before the Bar Association, after the death of Gerrit Smith:

"I listened to Mr. Smith's arguments in New York in favor of releasing Jefferson Davis from his imprisonment in Fortress Monroe, and in it he displayed splendid abilities and great knowledge of the whole science of law."

FURTHER ELEMENTS OF HIS POWER IN ARGUMENT.

There was the same aptness of Scriptural allusion in Gerrit Smith's speeches and letters that characterized Lincoln's public addresses and state papers. And he marshalled the like character of Bible texts, and for the same purpose; viz.: to prove that the highest acknowledged moral authority was on the side of the mistreated and oppressed. Occasionally he quoted from Shakespeare; on rare occasions from some classical writer; but his pages are not strewn with quotations. Most of the great sentences that came from his lips and that adorn his pages, bore the mint marks of his own mind.

No one could exceed him in showing the inconsistency of an opposing argument. Here is an illustration. Writing to Mr. Garrison in March, 1867, he refers to the clamorous demands of certain radical Republicans who formerly had been pronounced pro-slavery Democrats, for the punishment of Jefferson Davis.

"Does the North feel," he asks, "that she must continue to keep Jefferson Davis in prison as a monument of her abhorrence of the War? Then why does she not, in order to make the monument more faithful to history—more harmonious with the glaring fact that the North as well as the South was responsible for the War—confine along with Mr. Davis some representatives of the guilty North,—say some old pro-slavery Democrat, like Gen. Butler or Thomas H. Seymour?"

GERRIT SMITH MORE THAN A PATRIOT.

It was said by Mr. Barclay, in that address to the Bar Association already referred to, that, he "had never regarded Gerrit Smith as an American patriot."

"I do not think," he continued, "he ever was a patriot in the sense that Washington, Jackson, Jefferson and Clay, Lincoln, and many other of our departed heroes and statesmen were patriots. It is a great and noble thing to be a patriot. A patriot is an unselfish and self-sacrificing lover of his country; but to be what Gerrit Smith was is nobler and better far: for he was an unselfish and self-sacrificing lover of his *whole race*."

This is undoubtedly a just estimate. Patriotism he had, but it was a part of the larger passion which included mankind. America was his abode, and he loved her; but the world was his country, and his great heart ached for human wrongs wherever perpetrated, and swelled with ardor over plans for human betterment, no matter in what nation, or by people of what race or tongue put forth.

No man was ever freer from the blighting, dehumanizing spirit of caste, and none ever held in less esteem the conventional pride of respectability, which shrank from identification with good causes because they were under society's ban. Alluding, in one of his War speeches, to the obloquy which had covered abolitionists in the estimation of "good society," he mentioned a statement once made to him by Edmund Quincy. "I very well remember," said he, "being told by that keen observer of men and things, Edmund Quincy, when walking the streets of Boston with him, more than twenty years ago, that the great objection of his friends to his being an abolitionist was *that the thing is so vulgar!*"

The mob that so frequently gathered when an anti-slavery meeting was announced, the not infrequent fusillade of stale eggs, the threats of the tar barrel and the occasional employment of its contents in coating the speaker, did truly indicate the common abhorrence of abolitionists. There is something hard to understand at this day, in the social prejudice of which the friends of the slave were the subjects. But for forty years, scarcely any epithet carried the reproach that attached to the title Abolitionist.

It is highly probable that no place of eminence within the gift of the people of his state or of the United States, would have been denied to Gerrit Smith, had he chosen to identify himself with either of the great parties that contended for administrative power in the three decades before the War. Others realized this, and he could not have been ignorant of it. But there is not the slightest evidence that he ever regretted the course which he had steered. "My life," he said, "has been, in the main spent in toiling uphill with minorities which very rarely became majorities." But he had followed his conscience, and like Luther, "could do no otherwise." Anti-slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Peace: these were the causes to which he consecrated himself; all of them unpopular, all frowned upon by conventional society. But he was

One of those who dared to be
In the right with two or three;

and toiling for humanity, God comforted his soul.

HIS SIMPLE GOODNESS.

Gerrit Smith was a happy man in the circle of his home and among his friends. His genial spirit of affectionate good-will warmed every heart and put all in his presence at their ease. Children loved him and came instinctively to him. He made very frequent visits to the orphan asylum in Peterboro, of which he was the generous patron, and his coming was always a delight to the little ones, boys and girls, blacks and whites. They trooped around him, sought his hands, climbed into his lap when he sat down, and in all ways manifested their delight at seeing one whom, by their childish intuition, they knew to be their friend.

Gerrit Smith's character was white as the light. Impurity was far from him. It was because of the purity of his heart and the utter conscientiousness of his attitude towards human responsibilities, that his vision of God was so undoubting. His sermons and religious addresses certify to the closeness of his daily life to the great Inspirer of worship and duty. No man, in or out of ecclesiastical orders, has set before the world a clearer view of the Infinite's goodness and the divine demands upon men that they should be simply good, as a test of their loyalty to the Infinite.

He was a striking instance of the literal truth of the Beatitude, "The pure in heart shall see God."

Gerrit Smith was a leader in the New Reformation; not by virtue of any peculiarities in the theology which he came to hold, or the views as to the constitution and order of the church to which his studies of the New Testament brought him; but he led in the New Reformation through his insistence that Christianity must be worked out in the social relations of mankind. The principles and spirit of Jesus Christ must rule in the politics and industry of the world. Human brotherhood must be taken out of the catalogue of things of sentiment and brought into the program of things practical. This earth is the theater of redemption, and redemption is the simple rule of justice and good-will among all men. These are the fundamentals of the New Reformation, and Gerrit Smith was a pioneer in proclaiming them.

There is much to be said for the social and non-ecclesiastical, non-sacerdotal view of the early Christian church, which he came to believe in. Modern students of early Christianity are reaching substantially identical opinions. But high in importance above the character of the church's organization and the methods employed in its functions of worship, is its plain mission to preach and to practice justice, mercy, and humble walking with God. And these duties Gerrit Smith laid upon men with all the assurance of authority characteristic of the nobler prophets of Israel, or of an apostle of the primitive church.

Men and women were given nobler ideals and lifted nearer heaven by association with Gerrit Smith; for his goodness was infectious. Said Mr. Barclay, in closing that tribute to which allusion has twice already been made:

> Here I admit that all I know or believe of patriotism, of politics, of the rights of man, I in some sort owe to Gerrit Smith's teaching, his influence, or his example.
>
> It is a great comfort to me in this hour, that I was with him in the days that were his last. I saw the final flicker of that great light. Throughout the last night of his earthly life I was a watcher at his bedside. I raised his dying form and eased his dying posture; and as his spirit fled, I thought how grand a thing it is to have led a good and noble life. And so, whenever or wherever I have recalled that night of sad recollections, I have renewed the resolution to become a better man.

(The End.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XI.
Colossians and Ephesians

And above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness. COL. iii:14.

Over all these virtues put on love; for that is the girdle which makes all complete.

—*20th Century New Testament.*

Without going into the controversy concerning Paul's alleged letters to the Colossians and Ephesians we have an intensely interesting lesson, in which we can get an appreciation of the problem involved. These two letters are so tied together that they are discussed together, noticeably so by one of the latest authorities, the Encyclopedia Biblica. They reflect the same substance, repeat each other, and the explanation of one applies to the other. Out of the hundred and fifty-eight verses in Colossians, sixty-eight reappear almost literally in Ephesians, and the parallelisms in thought are even more extensive.

The theory is that Paul wrote these two letters while in Rome, and Philemon, our letter of last week, may really be considered as a postscript to the larger letter to the Colossians. Colossae was a little suburban town twelve or fifteen miles up the valley from Ephesus, and we have no evidence that Paul ever stopped there. The letter would indicate that the writer was not acquainted with the Colossians personally, but that Epaphras or Epaphroditus called on Paul while in Rome and told him of the condition of things in Colossae.

The letter to the Ephesians, so called, is tied up with it, under the same conditions and with the same message, with this difference. At Ephesus Paul lived at one time eighteen months and another for two years. He knew Ephesus better than any other city, except perhaps Corinth. But he does not give any private message such as is found in the closing chapter of Romans. It is very impersonal for Paul. Both fall into the usual form of greeting and of blessing, a discourse theological, a discourse practical and a benediction.

In considering this material the scholars are disturbed over three things: One, the use of unusual words, Greek words, that Paul did not use anywhere else. In the second place, there is a development in his thought, a difference in his ideas. He talks of the "Holy Apostles," for instance, and of what has been established by the "prophets and the apostles," which references do not appear in any of the earlier letters. Indeed, his reason for writing is that the church at Colossae has been disturbed by a new philosophy. Jews from Alexandria have brought with them a theological tendency to explain Jesus and the Christ and the message theosophically. There was a band of Jewish thinkers who perhaps bore the same relation to the straight orthodox Jews as the Christian Scientists do to orthodox Christianity today. They were attempting, to Paul's great distress, to make a metaphysical and theosophical interpretation of the Christ and the angels and ceremonies. It was making metaphysical, what to him was sun clear and plain teaching of the ethical and spiritual life. While he is not quite his old self, his own mind had been changing and developing, his sentences had grown longer, he was beset with a new set of problems, but still Paul.

Another theory is that these two letters represent what is saved from a considerable mass of tract literature, that was passed from church to church more or less authoritatively, and that this, like the letter to the Romans, for a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, did duty as tracts for the new movement. They had no Bible outside of the Old Testament which did not always serve the daily needs of the faithful, so the floating letters of Paul were the best material they had. These were not canonized and carried no sacred authority, but were simply the literature of a new movement. The biography of Jesus for a while only existed in the memory of the faithful and in traditions. Not until twenty years later was Mark's gospel written. It

may have been that in the transcribing and copying of the letters many changes were made.

The newcomers, whose teaching troubled Paul, who came from Alexandria, possible followers of Philo. The theosophists, if we borrow the word from later days, called themselves Gnostics, the other side of the word agnostic—they "know" much about angels, about the next world, the relation of the Christ to the God and the Holy Spirit. The idea of the Trinity was growing and Jesus was becoming less and less human, less and less the Nazarene, less and less the carpenter's son, more and more the Teacher from on high, masking for a while in human flesh, then taken back to his home in Heaven. If you want proof texts for the theory of the Trinity you may find them growing in these two letters. But authorities point out the fact that while this thought was perfectly normal in 120 A. D., it was not current at the time Paul wrote.

"Theosophy" is a modern western word, representing the attempt to fit to the western mind the view of life, God and destiny as set forth in the old Brahmin faith, the sense of the divine imminence, incarnation and revelation and emanations which are found in Brahminism, the older Veda thought. In connection with these letters is found a certain tendency among the Jews, started by Philo, to reconcile the ten commandments to Greek thought, to Platonism.

In these wholesome letters is found the usual devout theologian. He cautions the Colossians against being led away by new fangled notions, by false philosophy. He applies the gospel to daily life. "Therefore destroy all that is earthly in you—immorality, uncleanness, passions, evil desires and that greed which is idolatry." What is idolatry but the worshiping of inferior things, the devotion to material, external things. A better definition of idolatry cannot be found than right here.

Paul thought it was good for children to obey their parents. The modern thought of some is not to expect the child to obey unless you can convince him that it is a nice thing to do. Obedience is not necessarily tyrannical, but a ladder upon which a little child comes to its strength.

Paul also says: "Slaves, always obey your earthly masters" but there will be no partiality in heaven. "Masters, do what is right and fair by your slaves, for you know that you also have a master in heaven."

Still more interesting is the letter "To Christ's people in Ephesus." You will notice that in the 20th Century Bible "in Ephesus" is placed in brackets and is not found in the two earliest manuscripts we have, one discovered in the 60's, the Sinaitic, found in an old monastery on Sinai, the other one in the Vatican, the inference being that this was injected by a later hand. On the face of it this could not be a letter to Paul's friends in Ephesus, for there is nothing personal in it. The almost obvious theory is that it was a general letter, an encyclical, or another version of a letter to the Colossians, that had grown, been improved or spoiled, but was practically the same letter, not to the people in Ephesus but to the people in Asia Minor, written while he carried his chains in Rome.

In this letter Paul makes a little more clear than anywhere else his theory of the relation of the Jew to the Gentile. The Jews *were* the chosen of the Lord, the Jews *did* have a message and a mission that was peculiar. The Gentile world *was* neglected, benighted, floundering in their philosophy. Hence the next step in the divine economy was a bridge that would place Jew and Gentile on equal ground, with no humiliation to one or the other. That bridge was Christ Jesus, as he interpreted and understood him; and when Christ came there was no "Greek or Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised barbarian, Scythian slave, or freeman; but Christ is all, in all!"

Barring the archaic theology do we not wish this to be true? Has it not been true? Paul always remembered that he was a Jew, but he at last came to the point which we are later to face, and Paul and the Jews parted company. All the way through Paul's thought we have in Jesus a bridge that will unite the antagonistic and obliterate race distinction.

We still have need of the bridge. After twenty centuries the old struggle is still on between Jew and Gentile, orthodox and heterodox, Christian and pagan, between Briton and German. The same old fallacy is at the bottom of this cruel war, springing out of the conceit of nations and a distrust of the other fellow.

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(1) What teaching does Paul warn the Colossians against?
(2) What is Paul's definition of idolatry—Chapter 3, v. 5.
(3) What is Paul's idea of family relations? Of servants and masters?
(4) How did Paul try to reconcile Jew and Gentile?
(5) Compare Ephesians V and Colossians III.

Keep Cool

It is evident that things are going to happen this spring, and they may begin soon. Keep cool. If Germany sinks one of our ships or Great Britain misuses our flag, keep cool. Our nation is competent to handle an affair of that sort without hysteria. It is a time just now for us to test our national self-control. Sit tight, and wait till the clouds roll by. Nothing will be gained by boisterous talk or undue excitement. If difficult situations rise, as they surely will, let there be no hasty talk, no mad cry for revenge, "Remember the Maine?" Yes, and remember that we are not quite sure what happened to the Maine. Remember that it is better for us to keep cool. Do we want any share in this world war? Have we any boys to be shot? Are there not enough nations gone mad?

Keep cool. —*Exchange.*

Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill who misses one.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

MY NARCISSUS.

Behold a mystery, complex, and great;
Far more enchanting than the art of man,
And evidencing universal plan.
The mystic process no one now can state;
But somehow forms and forces intergrate,
Evolving graceful reeds and florets fair,
From limpid water and transparent air,
Thus forming my Narcissus so ornate.
And as I watch it silently evolve,
Such proofs of well-wrought out design appear,
That, though the mystery I cannot solve,
The great unseen Designer I revere,
And falter not where once I feebly trod,
Because thus wondrously assured of God.

Marietta, Ohio. E. A. Coil.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

SCIENCE AND THE RACE QUESTION.

By Professor Dr. Franz Boas, Chair of Anthropology, Columbia University.*

(*Continued from last week*)

Race antipathy, then, is really of modern development, and belongs essentially to Northern Europe. As most of its inhabitants belong to a certain type (while Southern Europeans are made up of a mixture of many races or types) an opportunity is offered for substituting the idea of race for the idea of social unity, and this for a thousand years has been the ruling conception among so-called Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian and other Northwestern European peoples. The latter claim to be the highest development of mankind. But this is fallacious. The supposedly Teutonic type really is made up of a great many different peoples, speaking different languages. Our claim to be a superior race and to have inherited from the ancient Aryans a superior language and qualities, the very notion that there once was such a superior Aryan race are fallacies, based merely on our sentiment in favor of peoples who look like ourselves. All this talk of a contest between the Slavonic, French or Teuton races is fictitious. The peoples of Finland, Northwestern Russia, Holland, Belgium, Northern France and Eastern England are all of the same type by descent. The peoples of central France, Bavaria and Central Germany, Switzerland, Bohemia, Northern Italy, a large part of Hungary, Austria, and some parts of Russia, are all of the same type, as scientific research easily establishes. Therefore any antipathy between them because of race is mistaken, is absurd.

"The antipathies that exist between them are the offspring of national solidarity, combined with the old-time feeling that all who stand outside of the particular unit must be hostile to it."

The bearing of this on immigration is apparent. The people who now come to us from Southeastern Europe are not of a different type from ours. The same mixture occurred in Europe as is now occurring here. Every type practically was brought together in England just as now in America. To those who fear evil results from this mixture it is well to recall that Spain's best period was when it was characterized by an unequalled blending of peoples, Italian, Celtic, Teutonic, Arabic, Moorish and others. When these were driven out there began the decadence of Spain. We imagine that a mixed race is inferior to a pure race, but no scientific proof of any sort can be given to show either the superiority of one type over another, or to indicate any inferiority for the mixed types. Evidently then, our behavior towards other races is dictated by the intense preference we have for the social forms in which we have grown up. Our antipathies are not founded on any physical repulsion, else how could we explain the presence of a very large number of mixed elements in our population. If we are to develop a true democracy and a brotherhood of man we must overcome these emotional and irrational antipathies and do justice to all men and to different types of national individuality.

C. W. WENDTE.

THE JONATHAN APPLE.

The first published account which we find of the Jonathan is given by Judge J. Buel, of Albany, in 1826, in an article on "Observations on the Utility of a Descriptive Catalogue of Garden and Orchard Fruit," addressed to the members of the New York Horticultural Society, in which he presents "A Descrip-

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tive Catalogue of some of the most valuable apples propagated in the nurseries of this state." In this catalogue the Jonathan is listed as the Esopus Spitzenberg (New) with the synonym, Ulster Seedling. In 1829 Judge Buel sent specimens of the fruit to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society with the statement that it was "An Esopus Seedling and sometimes called the New Spitzenberg." It originated on the farm of Mr. Philip Rick of Woodstock, Ulster county, New York. According to Downing, the original tree was still alive in 1848. It was at first disseminated under various names, all of which were soon superseded by the name Jonathan, which was assigned to it by Judge Buel in honor of Jonathan Hasbrouck, by whom his attention was first called to the variety.—S. A. Beach, in "The Apples of New York."

THE DANDELION.

In common sod
Who has not seen
This smile of God
In gold and green?

For the rich and poor
Love this roadside flower;
By all singing streams
A weaver of dreams.

It comes so early,
And shines so bravely
When snowy scarf,
Still wraps the Turf.

All summer long
It hums its song;
And in the Fall
When comrades all,

Hide deep from harm,
At touch of cold,
Lifts without alarm,
Its cup of gold.

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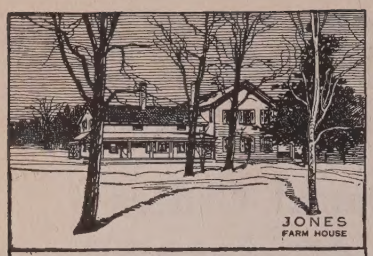

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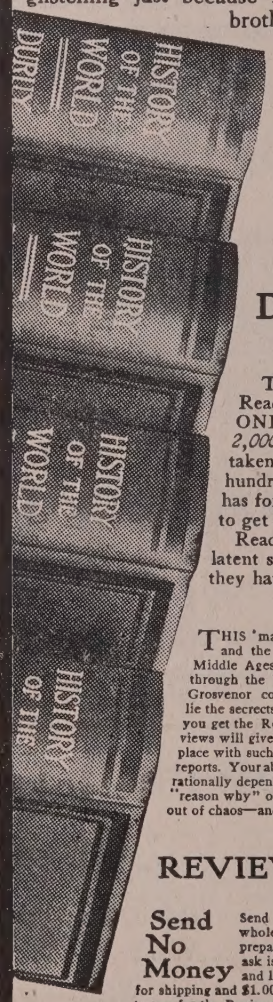

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